

## "KILLED!"

"Killed at—" What matters where? He is dead, and that is enough! "Killed!" It is written there! In letters that stare and stare! What though the telling be rough? He is dead, and that is enough!

"Died with his face to the foe, Trying another to save!" How else, how else should he die? I could not have loved him so If he had not been bravest of brave!

Dead, and no word of good-bye! No whisper of love from afar! O star! star! star! I looked in your eyes last night, And I saw his eyes in your light; And I knew, I knew he would die, For that was his last good-bye!

Get you gone! Get you gone from my sight! Why do you stand and stare? He is dead! It is written there! And it's late—so late to-night!

There! there! forgive me, but go! You mean to be kind, I know, But leave me to God and to him! "Killed, with his face to the foe!" Leave me awhile! The light—The light—is—getting—dim! Leave me—to God—and—to him!

—George Weatherly.

## SMOKING HIS FIRST CIGAR.

Out on the Shady Side of the Barn— Caught by a Brother.

The first smoke don't last as long as a case of sea-sickness, but while it does last it is original and unique. The new smoker is no judge of cigars. He invariably takes a strong one. He goes a good deal by the box in which he finds the cigars. If a cigar has a fancy paper ring about it he will take it at any price. If he lives he will know better. Out on the shady side of the barn he takes himself and his cigar. He is afraid that some one will molest him. He lights the cigar, and holding it in the most awkward manner between his fingers puffs and expectorates. It seems manly to smoke, and he pictures himself narrating to his chums how well he handled himself and his first cigar.

The sensation is not at all pleasant. He allows longer time to elapse between the puffs, and wishes that the cigar would burn up more rapidly. The mouth has a peculiar taste, which frequent expectorations will not remove. The old familiar fence is turning green. He sees everything circle around him. He is better after a while. Flat on his back on the green sward, he looks up at the blue heavens overhead and watches the fleecy white clouds float in many directions. Dinner has no attractions for him. Candy would not tempt him to get up. He hears his name called by an elder brother. It sounds way off, as if in a dream. Nearer and nearer it comes, and finally the owner of the voice comes around the corner of the barn.

He guessed the cause for he sees the half-smoked cigar. If he is a real good boy with a box full of Sunday-school tickets he will tell his mother, and the young smoker will be taken in the house and lectured for the rest of his boyhood days. If he is a real bad boy, one whose badness insures his living to manhood's estate, he will get his sick brother up on the hay in the old barn, and will tell a fib at the table to excuse his absence. His kindness will cost the inexperienced smoker later on many marbles, much candy, and the best of everything. He will threaten to inform their parents many times of the first smoke, and will scare the smoker into many scrapes and much trouble.—St. Paul Globe.

## Opening Up South America's Interior.

Explorers are now busily employed in opening up the undeveloped and hitherto almost unknown sections of South America. A French explorer is enthusiastic about immense fertile plains beyond the dense coast forests of Guiana. An expedition has traversed the valley of the Xingu, a southern affluent of the Amazon as large as the Danube, and running through the unexplored heart of Brazil. Voyagers on the Orinoco are seeking to discover the connection between that river and the Amazon. Patagonia is found to embrace rich grass valleys well adapted to stock raising, and the northern portion of the Argentine Republic is being explored. Schemes are on foot for bringing the interior of the continent in contact with civilization by means of railways and steamboat lines. In every direction efforts are being made to open up new fields for enterprise.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## A Wax Model for Anatomists.

A highly interesting piece of work is at present being executed at the Berlin Royal academy, under the direction of medical and artistic experts, the wax model of a carefully prepared human body of life size. From it a cast in zinc is to be made, showing with rigid exactness the muscles, arteries and veins. An idea of the nicety of the work may be formed from the fact that thus far fifteen months have been spent upon the head alone, which is not expected to be finished under three years more. The importance of the work for anatomical studies, when completed, will amply compensate for the trouble, time and money spent upon it, which, when finished, will be exhibited and bought by the government.—Boston Budget.

## A Canoe for Italy's Queen.

The queen of Italy is soon to rejoice in the possession of an American canoe, a genuine Indian bark construction, which Baron Fava, the Italian minister, has secured for her. The canoe is twenty feet long, and the baron has procured all the paddles and accompaniments for it, and is now having bead-work cushions and mats of fragrant grasses made for it. He will send it on to Rome, and in due time it will float in some lake of the palace gardens and ferry Queen Margherita over the waters. —"Ruhama's" Washington Letter.

## The Irrigation Canals of Arizona.

The farmers of Arizona, in digging their irrigation canals, find themselves mere imitators, on a small scale, of the unknown people who once occupied the country.

## Tragic Fate of Longfellow's Wife.

That a nature so gentle and amiable as Longfellow's should have been subjected to bereavement in the most tragic and appalling form seems a stroke of fate as cruel as the brutal bruising of a flower. The catastrophe is thus recounted by his biographer: "On the 9th of July his wife was sitting in the library with her two little girls engaged in sewing up some small packages of their curls, which she had just cut off. From a match fallen upon the floor her light summer dress caught fire; the shock was too great, and she died the next morning. Three days later her burial took place at Mount Auburn. It was the anniversary of her marriage day, and on her beautiful head, lovely and unmarred in death, some one had placed a wreath of orange blossoms. Her husband was not there—confined to his chamber by the severe burns, which he had himself received."

"These wounds healed with time; time could only assuage, never heal, the deeper wounds that burned within. He bore his grief in silence; only after months had passed could he speak of it, and then only in fewest words. To a visitor who expressed a hope that he might be enabled to 'bear his cross' with patience, he replied: 'Bear the cross, yes; but what if one is stretched upon it? When—not till five years later—he began again to write verses of his own, it is only infrequent phrases and lines that reveal the sorrow lying ever at his heart.'—New York Sun.

## Prices Coming Down in New York.

The tradesman from whom I acquire my haberdashery informs me that the dry goods stores are ruining his business. They all deal in shirts, collars, cuffs, underwear and the rest for men, and married men almost invariably do their shopping by the proxy of their wives, instead of going to the furnishing goods store, as of old. It is getting so bad, he avers, that unmarried men get their female relatives and friends to do the buying for them, even at the risk of having to give them the discount in ice cream or oysters. The only hope I could hold forth to him was to cut his prices to compete with his formidable rivals. In fact, there is no longer an excuse for a man to be short of linen or hosiery, with shirts selling at 40 cents apiece, as I noticed at one store recently, and underwear at an average of \$1 a set.

The prices of all manner of clothing are rapidly descending to the European level with us. A few years ago it cost three times as much to dress decently in New York as in London or Paris. As for eating, one can feed better and cheaper in New York to-day than in London or Paris. For 25 cents I can buy a healthier and a heartier meal in this city than I ever could in the cook-shops of London or the cheap tables d'hote of Paris, and I am credibly informed that prices across the water have rather increased and the quality of food deteriorated since my time.—New York News "Babble."

## An Example of Self-Control.

A droll incident occurred in court lately, quite unknown outside of the court regions. A little god-daughter of the queen, a remarkably clever child of 3 years of age, was received by her majesty. She sat on the queen's lap; every affectionate attention was shown her. The queen caressed her, gave her bonbons, but not a word or even any notice could be got out of the child. The little creature sat firm, bolt upright, her little fists clinched, her eyes fixed, gazing straight forward.

After the audience the child was asked why she acted so disagreeably—why she had not replied to her majesty. "Perche," replied the child, solemnly, "aveva paura cheavrei una bizza." (Because I was afraid I would have a rage.) This little Margherita entertains the nursery once in a while with what Florentine nurses call a bizza. She throws herself passionately on the ground and kicks and screams lustily. Imagine the effect if such a scene had taken place in the presence of royalty! The marvel is how those terribly rasped baby nerves, just on the edge of the tempest, were kept in check by the child.—Rome Cor. Chicago News.

## To Protect Birds from Slaughter.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes takes a deep interest in the movement to protect birds from slaughter. "I am myself," he says, "more than tolerant of the somewhat intrusive intimacy of the English sparrow. No other birds outside of the barnyard let me come so near them—not even the pigeons. But still more am I indebted to the gulls and ducks, who during a large part of the year are daily visitors to the estuary of the Charles, on which I look from my library windows. I wish they could be protected by law, and if the law can not or will not do it, that public opinion would come between them and their murderers. Not less, certainly, do I feel the shame of the wanton destruction of our singing birds to feed the demand of a barbaric vanity."—Exchange.

## A Fearful Year of Fridays.

Somebody points out that this year came in on Friday and will go out on Friday, and have fifty-three Fridays. Two months in the year come in on Friday and two go out on Friday. There are five months in the year that have five Fridays. The phases of the moon change five times on Friday, and the sun was eclipsed on March 5, which fell on Friday. The longest day in the year and the shortest both fall on a Friday. People who have a superstitious prejudice against Friday will be apt to see strange coincidences in all this.—Philadelphia Record.

## Salt Water Better Than Fresh.

An analysis of the contents of the principal grenades, tubes and other patent devices for the extinction of incipient conflagrations has recently been made by Professor Kedzie, chemist of the agricultural college at Lansing, Mich. He finds that the only active ingredient in all that he analyzed is common salt, and his investigations go to prove what is generally known, namely, that salt water is better than fresh water for putting out fires.—Boston Budget.

## THE "BROADSIDE" OF EARLY DAYS.

How the Public Were Enlightened Before Newspapers Were Published.

Newspapers, as the word is now understood, are the growth of the nineteenth century, one of the most astonishing and rapid growths of a remarkable age. In their absence, the periwigged, broad-skirted gentry of an early age were informed of the intentions of their government, and even of the current events of the day, by means of broadsides, sheets of paper printed only on one side and either displayed in public places, distributed gratis, or hawked about the streets, according to the character of their contents.

The collection of the broadsides in the public library is not as large as that owned by private libraries of an earlier foundation, but under glass cases and carefully stored portfolios there are a number of valuable documents of this description that were published in this country in the days of Salem witches and rebel tea parties.

Among the earliest documents of this description in the possession of the public library is a proclamation headed by the traditional lion and unicorn and signed by William Stoughton, then "governor" of the province of Massachusetts bay, on May 27, 1696. It cites the law granting 50 pounds sterling blood-money for every adult male Indian prisoner, and 25 pounds sterling for every woman and child; speaks of the bounty on scalps, and offers to all volunteers provision, surgical attendance, ammunition and wages from the public treasury. These gentle traits of our puritan ancestors have become wonderfully obscured by the smoke of the Deerfield massacre. If the Indians exhibit the ferocity of wild beasts they were certainly hunted as such.

Broadsides such as were common in England, published from time to time with a relation of current events, were exceedingly rare in the early days of the colony. There was one reprint of a London broadside published in Boston in 1689, another in 1690, and a third in 1697. One of the last issued is now owned by the city of Boston. It is but a single leaf, somewhat smaller than a page from a quarto dictionary, and contains the latest rumors from Holland, of a great Turkish defeat by Prince Eugene, the coronation of the king of Poland, and the reception of ambassadors at the Hague with the negotiations on foot there preliminary to the peace of Ryswick.

Next in importance is one of those stamp acts, by ten years the precursor of that which a century ago aroused the ire of good Bostonians even more than exorbitant tax rates, flooded streets and venality in public office does to-day. The broadside was headed by the royal arms and bore duly affixed to the margin impressions of the stamps whose use it enforced. These stamps were not detachable like our own, but were impressed by a government official like a postmark. Not only the stamp but the vellum and paper with the stamp affixed were sold by the commissioner of the stamps, and no instruments or writings specified in the act were legal without it. The act covered nearly every paper that could be used in business or the administration of the government from an insurance policy to a newspaper. The stamp tax on newspapers, by the way, was a half-penny, the stamp representing a bird encircled with a band on which are the words: "Half-penny." The 2-penny stamp represented a codfish within the legend, "Staple of the Massachusetts." The 3-penny stamp bore a pine tree with the motto: "Province of Massachusetts." Finally, the 4-penny stamp, which was to be affixed to insurance policies, bills of lading and certain other commercial papers, bore a schooner under full sail within the words: "Steady—steady."

This valuable old document in American history was printed by the publishers of the Boston News-Letter, and bears the date of March 14, 1755. It is signed by Governor Shirley and countersigned by J. Willard, secretary. This is, as far as known, absolutely unique in leaving impressions of the stamps, and reveals the fact that the general court of Massachusetts had passed and the governor enforced a stamp act ten years prior to the act sanctioned by the imperial parliament in 1765. The immediate cause for this document was Shirley's proposed military operation in the French and Indian war.—Boston Bulletin.

## The Wolf Stories of Travelers.

During my winter journey across Siberia I was somewhat disappointed at seeing so few wolves. In my journey of 3,000 miles across the steppes I saw only fourteen, eleven in one band, two in another and one solitary brute at a distance prowling about on the ice of the Yenesei. But the sled is a great place wherein to brood wolf stories. When you are lying down under your furs at night and the sled passing quickly over the frozen roads you imagine, if the weather is not extremely cold, that you can hear the deep growling of wolves following your sled. If the weather is terribly cold you hear what you imagine to be the short, quick yelping of 1,000 famished brutes after you. It is a dreadful sound when you first hear it, but you soon learn to know that this peculiar noise, which, assisted by the imagination, you fancy to be made by fiery-mounted wolves, is caused by the wooden runners passing over the crisp snow. Travelers' Siberian wolf stories are, I am afraid, too often the result of imagination.—Cor. New York World.

## Glucose Made from Sorghum.

And now it has been discovered that the seed of the sorghum-plant will yield an excellent grade of glucose, better than that made from corn, and that the glucose from the seed and the molasses from the cane, when mixed, produce the highest quality of sirup, hardly distinguishable from Vermont sirup.—Chicago Times.

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